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"By this time the picadores were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and, being gored behind, fell back upon his rider. The chulos with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and with an agonized moan he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the chulos having laid aside their cloaks, proceeded to arm themselves with banderillas—light darts, which have a barbed point, and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colours. The chief art in placing the banderilla is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the matador, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straight-forward career of a claro.* The brave bull in question was of this last description. With a dart, therefore, in each hand, one of the chulos, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and, directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever, rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

"The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of the Plaza are inexorable. The corregidor is seen to wave his handkerchief, and the trumpets blow a warlike blast for the matador.

"The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet, was no other than the principal matador of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serve me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small, regular features, a keen sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a majo, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery: his hair combed backwards, and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked-hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a short staff. The colour of this banner was red, deepened here and there by the bloody stains of former combats.

"Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force, and despised his adversary, nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the corregidor, he took off his hat, and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then, taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, displayed a long straight toledano, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

"Meantime the chulos were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite his declining ferocity. In this way the bull was enticed towards the spot where the matador awaited him. The latter, holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the matador held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest. The multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes are bent upon the glittering weapon. The bull makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the matador, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen—it has entered full length beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

"Having received his death-blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly, was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the matador, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches, mingled with the clang of trumpets, to proclaim the triumph of the matador!

"A few more impotent attacks of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood, which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his head becomes tremulous and unsteady; he bows to his fate, pauses a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn; then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony.*

"At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcasses of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered."

* "A single instance may show the danger of attacking one of these treacherous bulls. El Sombrerero—thus surnamed from having been once a maker of hats—was for some years the most noted matador in Spain. He was once dealing with a bull of this description, when the animal by an irregular career passed by his sword, caught him upon his horns, and transfixing him, bore him bleeding round the arena."

* "Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay—
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!"
Childe Harold.

CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following account of a new curiosity in natural history, which, "*if true*," cannot but prove highly interesting to naturalists, we copy from an American paper of January last.

A specimen of a natural production was shown us a few evenings since, that is neither fish nor flesh, beast nor fowl, animal, vegetable, nor mineral! It was procured in

Plymouth, North Carolina, and brought to this city in a glass of alcohol. The thing, for it is without a name, is both entomological and vegetable. When its entomogical nature commences, and when its vegetable character has arrived at maturity, its entomological character developes itself, and its vegetable existence disappears. In other words, it is alternately a bird and an insect. It is perhaps about one inch in length and three-fourths of an inch in circumference. It is of a brownish colour, shaped like a wasp, destitute of wings, head similar to a beetle, with two antenuæ or horns, has neither its head on either side, a short leg shaped like those of the mole, with broad, serrated extremities, and intended, doubtless, like those of the earth. It has also two posterior legs, the purpose of which shall be seen. When the insect has attained its growth, it disappears beneath the surface of the ground, and dies. Immediately after its death, the two posterior legs just spoken of begin to sprout or vegetate. These two shoots soon appear above the earth, and the insect plant soon attains the height of about six inches. It puts forth branches and leaves resembling trefoil. The extremities of the branches bear a bud, which contains in embryo neither leaves nor flowers, but an insect! As the insect developes itself and grows, it neither falls to the ground, nor returns upon its mother plant, but feeding on its leaves until the plant is exhausted, when the insect returns to earth again, and again the plant shoots forth!

The true nature of this insect plant or vegetable insect —we know not what to call it—is entirely inexplicable to us. It may be surmised that an insect has here associated itself with the seed of a plant, in such manner that they produce and mature each other. Or it may be supposed that nature has invested this specimen of existence, which attributes the nearest possibly assimilated to those of both the vegetable and animal kingdom, yet belonging not exactly to either, but entirely to both. It may seem to be the hinging point at which the animal kingdom merges into the vegetable, and the vegetable into the animal kingdom. It is certainly a wonderful curiosity, and we believe that it is not only entirely unknown to naturalists, but has never before been publicly described.

We understand that a gentleman in Philadelphia, of whom the specimen we saw was procured, is cultivating a quantity of them which he has obtained from North Carolina, for the purpose of furnishing the Museums. In the specimen we saw, the plant had grown about three inches, and the insect was yet preserved in its original and nearly perfect state.

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING.

The Spring is coming—the lively Spring!—
When the heart will rejoice, and the warblers sing,
As nature revives, and resumes her powers
Of sense and life among graceful flowers.
The meads will assume their vernal dress,
And the buskin'd muse upon flowerets press.
The budding groves, and the gentle showers,
Already announce the queen of flowers.
The primrose peeps from her humble dell,
Of her welcome and cheering approach to tell.
The blooming beauties of the green groves sing—
O, how I delight in the lovely Spring!

What lovely flowers will lift their heads,
In a few short days, from their wintry beds.
Young Flora soon, like an eastern bride,
Will spread her train o'er the landscape wide,
And pleasantly smile, as the sylphine hours
Embellish her robes with ambrosial flowers;
While the woodland minstrels around her sing
The glowing beauties of lovely Spring.

From southern climes the goddess roams,
With her presence to grace our island homes:
Her breath is abroad on the western breeze—
Her soft voice whispers among the trees—
Her smile illumines the morning hills—
Her music is heard in the purling rills.

Ye shepherd swains, from your heights repair
To welcome and hail the bright-eyed fair,
With tabor, and lute, and pipe, and reed,
While your innocent flocks on their pastures feed.
O Spring!—poetical, hopeful Spring!—
Thou makest the heart with joy to sing!

J. S. L.

ODE TO AN ELEPHANT.

Lambert of Quadrupeds! I'd fain inquire
The source of thy primeval sire;
But find all sages quarrel on the root
Of thy ancestral tree, thou bulky brute!
Sanconiathon taught, that some old flood,
Retiring, left a generative mud,
Which sunshine ripened into flesh and blood:
Hence sprung, like mushrooms, man and beast,
And elephants among the rest.

Democritus assured us he could trace
The first ingredients of thy race;
And showed how atoms in eternal dance,
Led by the ballet-master, Chance,
Tried many a form, till in a lucky minute
They hit on order, and continued in it.

Spinoza tells us that necessity
Was sire to nature, and begat her,
Before organic life began to be,
By acting on immortal matter;
And elephants, of course, obeyed the laws
Of this inevitable final cause.

But Buffon vows, that plastic wants
Contrived the forms of elephants:
That distance from the soil produced the snout—
By poking, gradually lengthened out;
And tusks were added, when privation
Became sufficing cause for their creation:
Tapirs, he swears, are but thy younger brothers—
Born in a newer world—and then supposes
That having felt, as long as others,
The inconvenience of their losses,
They'd be enabled to prolong their noses
Into probosces!

But now the Gnostics of infusion come,
And lo! antiquity is dumb,
Bright with the newest minds' illumination!
They cry, that elephants or oaks are made
By particles combined in light or shade,
And this they name ambiguous generation!
And prove, by microscopic views, that truth
Is still a youth!

Thus theories, like cards, are overthrown—
One tumbles those before it, while on that
Another presses, and is quickly prone—
Till all are flat!

Such still is reason, when on doubtful wing
She blindly soars, unaided by the Word,
That light around her clouded path can fling,
And bid her own, in nature, nature's Lord!
That Word compels us in thy form to see
The finger of Eternal Deity!

B. B.

A FLYING RAILWAY.

A railway is being made on the New Orleans and Nashville road, (Mr. Renney, the very intelligent engineer of which is now in this country,) which is intended to bear a velocity of sixty miles per hour; and Mr. Stephenson has actually contracted to supply an engine which will perform this with a load of two hundred tons!

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